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MY FLOWER.

All in the early morning hours
I walked through blooming garden bowers,
Where purple pinks and pansies grew,
And roses spangled in the dew.
They were so lovely in my sight,
I plucked the red ones and the white,
And with my hands wandered down
Until I reached the walled town.
There round me, like a swarm of bees,
Came ragged children, crying "Please!
Oh, please give me a flower!"—And so
I had to let my treasures go.
I gave them, every one, away;
But somehow all the long, warm day,
Those flowers seemed just as sweet and bright
As if they still were in my sight.
—Mrs. Mary Bradley to St. Nicholas.

AN AWFUL FIGHT.

A Combat Between a Tiger and a Lion.

After an encampment of two weeks at Bangalore, we moved to the northwest for thirty miles, and made a new camp on a creek which emptied into the Cauvery river, twenty miles below us. There had been no shooting done in this neighborhood for many years, for the reason that a fever plague had carried off hundreds of the natives and depopulated many of the villages. Game had had an opportunity to increase, and we had reason to look forward to some exciting sport. A native hunter, living near Seringapatam, and who was with us in charge of the servants, had been told by good authority that lions and tigers had come into the abandoned district until they were as plentiful as hares, and that we should find a hunter's paradise.

We pitched our camp on a cleared spot on the right bank of the creek, which had two feet of water in it and was about ten feet wide. It was a hilly country all about us, with the ground fairly well timbered. Half a mile below us was an abandoned native village, and many acres of ground which had once been tilled were now grown up to bush and weeds. We went into camp about an hour before sundown of a summer's day, and the tents had not yet been pitched when one of the natives roared out and killed a poisonous snake ten feet long, and another declared that he saw a panther moving in the thicket across the creek. We cut down the smaller trees and bushes and built a strong inclosure for the riding horses and pack animals, and then ran a breastwork of brush clear around camp. A lion or tiger could clear it at a bound, but neither beast ever enters an inclosure of hand. He must be pressed by hunger, or desperate with rage. It had just come to be twilight, and we were just working at the north side of the inclosure, when the fact that we had big game at hand was proved in a sorrowful way. A native young man about seventeen years of age, who was one of the brush cutters, was engaged with others about 300 feet from where we were at work. It was the last load to be brought, and he was last of all. He was picking up his load when a tiger sprang upon him from the bushes. Every one of us heard the snarl of the beast and the cry of the man, and, indeed, there was the whole scene right before our eyes. The victim, as he was hurled to the earth, fell upon his face. The tiger seemed to turn him over three or four times, and then seized him by the shoulder and started off with him—not into the thicket right at hand, but across 200 feet of perfectly open ground toward the creek.

For a few seconds all of us seemed turned to stone. Then there was a rush for the rifles, which were fortunately near at hand. There were three or four old soldiers and tiger hunters with us, and their presence of mind brought about the death of the beast. Some of us would have hesitated to fire, knowing that our bullets would be as apt to hit the servant as the tiger, but two or three men shouted for every body to blaze away, and five or six reports followed one another in quick succession. These men reasoned that the native was already mortally hurt, and that it would be better for him to die at once by one of our bullets than to be carried off and eaten alive. I have personally known of four or five cases where men have been seized by tigers, and I have talked with hunters who knew of many other cases, and there was only a single instance where the victim escaped the fatality of the spring. When the tiger leaps he also strikes with his forepaw, and the blow is terrific.

The beast and his burden were about half way across the open when they fell in a heap; the tiger was up again in a second, whirled around like a top, and then, with a fierce growl, he seized the native again with his teeth and resumed his progress. We were advancing as we fired, but the tiger did not increase his pace by a second, and between the reports of the rifles we could hear him growling in a savage manner. Handing my empty rifle to a servant, I drew my revolver and ran full at the animal from an angle, determined that he should not escape. He bore off a little to avoid me as I opened fire. I knew I hit him, for I saw him wince, but he kept straight on to the bank of the creek, and after taking a new hold of his burden he made a spring, landed on the other side and fell into a heap, dead. The servants crossed and brought over both bodies. It was with the native as the tiger hunters had suspected. In leaping upon him the animal had given him a blow which broke his neck. The one cry we heard was all that he uttered. When we came to look his dead body over, we found that four of our bullets had hit it, but he was dead long enough before a shot was fired. In the case of the tiger, he had been hit nine times, and three of the bullets had reached vital spots. One of his forelegs was broken, and he had carried his burden the last thirty feet and made the spring across the creek on three legs.

The next day was ushered in with a

drizzling rain, and it was nearly decided not to have any general beat-up for game, but to overhaul arms and trappings and make ready for the next day. Soon after breakfast I took my repeating rifle and my revolver, slipped some extra cartridges into my pocket, and set out alone to have a look at the deserted village below us.

"I warn you to be careful sir," cautioned a native tiger slayer as I passed the spot on which he was mending a saddle.

"Oh, I have no fear, and the wild beasts will be asleep this morning, anyhow."

"Some may not," he answered, with a dubious shake of the head, and he was looking after me as I entered the brush.

I had forgotten to say that during the night we were greatly disturbed by the noises around us. We kept several large fires going, and while these prevented marauding beasts from coming too near, the glare probably attracted them to the locality. One could distinguish the spit of the panther, the snarl of the tiger, and the voice of the lion; and added to these were the howl of the wolf, the chatter of the hyena, and the yelp of the jackal. Truly, we had struck a rich find. Driven out of the other districts, the beast creation had made their way to this, and the sound of a hunter's rifle had not been heard here for years.

I had not gone a quarter of a mile from camp when a large black snake ran hissing away from my feet, and I heard a wild beast of some sort making its way in the thicket. These were proofs that I could not be overprudent, and thereafter I kept my eyes about me and my rifle ready for instant service. The village was strung along the creek for half a mile, but the first hut I came to was an inclosure that had been used for a council house. The four walls were of adobe, while the roof was thatched. There were really but three walls, one end being left open except a slight return of each side wall. This open space was at least twenty feet across, while there was room enough inside for 400 people to sit or stand. The open end looked back in the direction I had come, and twenty feet away was the beginning of a wall which extended for about 300 feet. It was about four feet high, made of adobe, and I could not make out for what purpose it had been erected. If an enemy had been expected to approach from east or west this wall would have been a good breastwork, although its left flank could have easily been turned.

I stood there for three or four minutes scanning the interior of the building, and then walked to the further end of it. There was a couple of whitened skulls on the ground, and I gave one of them a kick. As I did so an insect or a reptile of some sort issued forth with great swiftness and stung or bit me on the left wrist. Its movements were so rapid that I could not say whether it flew or sprang at me. I simply caught a glimpse or two of a dark, hairy object, and then felt the pain, which was as severe as if I had been touched with a red-hot iron. I carried an antidote for insect and reptile poisoning. Near the great doorway was a block of wood, and I went to it, pulled off my coat, pushed up my sleeve, and examined the wound. There was but one puncture, but it had drawn blood, and the flesh was rapidly reddening. I brought my arm up and sucked away at the wound for two or three minutes, and then applied the antidote and wrapped a bandage about it. I must have drawn the poison out, but nevertheless I soon found myself as weak as a babe, and my head seemed four times too large for my body. Indeed, I was afraid to stand up for fear that my body would not support the head. This feeling began to go away in about fifteen minutes, and I was just congratulating myself on my lucky escape when I turned my eyes to the north, or toward camp. The sight thrilled me like an electric shock. Close beside the wall, on the left hand side, was a tiger, a rousing big fellow, who had seen fifteen years of life. On the right hand side, and also close to the base of the wall, was a medium sized male lion, and the attitude of both plainly showed that they had been stalking me. It was a still hunt, and I was the victim. The lion had come out of the bush to the right, and the tiger had come out of a thicket to the left and crossed the creek. Neither animal could have seen the other, and thus they were not aware of each other's presence.

Had I remained in the building with my back to the door another moment one of the beasts would undoubtedly have crept close enough to make a spring. When I turned about and sat down on the block of wood the movement upset their calculations and made them timid for the moment. Under certain circumstances any wild beast loses heart. A move which is a surprise and not clearly understood will make curs of them at once, and a second move will put them to ignominious flight. When I got sight of the beasts the lion had half turned, as if to sneak away, while the tiger was crouched against the wall, and appeared shame-faced. Had I risen up and swung my hat and yelled both would have bolted, but I must confess that, taking my pain and the general situation into account, I was badly rattled. I couldn't think just what ought to be done, and therefore did nothing. This, after a moment, encouraged the beasts, and then came such a situation as few men were ever placed in. I had opportunity to see here, a lion and a tiger approaching a victim waiting to be struck down. I have wondered a thousand times what could have come over me to sit there with my gun within reach and my revolver in his holster and make not the slightest move to save my life, while those fierce brutes crept nearer and nearer. I think the poison benumbed and stupefied me to a certain extent. That is, while my brain was never more active and my eye-sight keener, I felt helpless to move, and my mouth was as dry as if I had the fever. I knew my peril as fully as any one could, but when I thought of grasping my rifle and sighting it the exertion required discouraged me.

The lion was the bolder of the two.

After making up his mind that I could not harm him, he held his head up, swung his tail about, and advanced at a slow pace. I was under cover, and he might have suspected a trap. But for this he would have probably made a rush. The tiger displayed exactly the same characteristics as the cat creeping upon her prey. He crept, crawled, twisted about, and sought to shelter his body behind the slightest tuft of grass. He did not, however, take his eyes off me for the tenth of a second, and the nearer he came the more his great lips parted to show his yellow teeth. He was as supple as a snake, and nothing could be more graceful than his movements. I could see his tremendous muscles quiver as he moved, and I remember of what power he must have in his legs. It was all of ten minutes before the beasts approached the point where they realized each other's presence. You would have thought, with only a wall separating them, that they must have heard or sensed each other. The fact that they did not was probably owing to the excitement under which they labored.

By and by the lion was almost at the end of the wall, and near enough for his spring. He crouched down, switched his tail in a menacing way, and I plainly saw his talons dig into the earth as he gathered his muscles for a great effort. While there was a settled determination on his part to make food of me, there was a certain trepidation of his general demeanor. It was plain that he was mystified, but his ferocious nature prevailed.

The tiger kept abreast of the lion, and he was the first to take the alarm. He evidently sensed the lion, for he reared up, sniffed the air, and then flung out a paw and spat like an angry cat. This noise startled the lion, and he rose up, showed his teeth, and took his eyes off me for the first time. Either animal could easily have leaped the wall, but neither attempted it. The tiger took on a fiercer look and dropped some of his stealth, but the lion reached the end of the wall the first, uttering a roar of defiance and evidently expecting to meet an enemy. The tiger was four or five feet from the end of the wall, and the move he made was so quick that my eyes could not follow it. As the lion's head showed around the wall the big cat made a lightning spring, and the next instant the two were rolling over and over at my feet, fighting as only such beasts can fight, and growling in a manner to make my hair turn gray. It was then that strength came back to me, and I rose up, but instead of rushing away I ran into the building. Reaching the rear wall I stood there a prisoner and a spectator. The first clinch lasted about three minutes, and was characterized by such ferocity as I can not describe. While the lion and the tiger are probably natural enemies, I suppose the fact that both had planned to make meat of me, and both felt themselves disappointed, aroused all their ferocity. Most of the time during the first clinch they were rolling over and over like a big ball, tearing, biting and growling, and the movements of the tiger were much the quickest. They finally separated, each backed off a few feet, and each stood broadside to me. I could see half a dozen blood-stains on the lion's side, while the tiger had been terribly bitten about the neck, and there was a bloody scratch on his quarter. They faced each other for about a minute, the lion roaring in a deep bass and the tiger snarling like an enraged cat. Then, as swift as a flash of lightning, the tiger bounded through space and alighted on the lion's back, and a rain of teeth and claws followed. The fight was too fierce to be kept up long, and too determined not to result in severe injuries.

When the beasts finally struggled to their feet, the tiger had hold of the lion just back of the fore-shoulder, and he hung there and worried the king as a dog would as a sheep. Twice the lion yelped out as if he had lost his courage, but he suddenly made a grand exertion broke the tiger's hold, and then turned and caught him by the neck. I thought all was over with the cat. The lion actually lifted him clear off the ground and shook him, and this time the tiger whined. After a bit, however, he twisted his body around until his hind claws came into play, and then the lion had to let go. There was another rest for a minute or two, and again the tiger was the aggressive party. This time they fought more like dogs, neither seeming able to down the other, and they kept war-ing away from the building toward the creek. I advanced as they retreated, and they were still doing their best to destroy each other when they rolled off the bank into the creek. Each was covered with blood from nose to tail, and the injuries inflicted must have been serious. The tumble into the water separated them, and while the tiger reached the opposite bank at one spot, the lion crawled out at another thirty feet away, and both limped into the forest without the slightest desire to renew the fight.—N. Y. Sun.

Dusting About Stoves.
A good deal of dusting around coal stoves and open fires may be done to advantage with a damp sponge. An experienced house-keeper uses a large, coarse sponge, once devoted to washing carriages. Throw it into a pail of warm water, and add a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia. Squeeze it out as dry as possible and pass it quickly over the plain furniture, the paint, the zinc, the corners of the carpets, the oilcloth, etc., rinsing out occasionally. It will remove every bit of dirt, and not merely disperse it into the room, as a cloth or feather duster too often does, and leave a bright, shining, clear surface that is very gratifying. While you have the pail in hand you will find it easy to wipe off finger marks or traces of that grimy which seems to come, no one knows how. You give a cleansing touch here and there to doors, cupboard-shelves or tables, with very little loss of time, and without any of that deliberate effort required for regular cleaning.—Boston Budget.

—A better polish, it is claimed, will result if a little sugar is mixed with the stove blacking.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Some of the queer characters to be seen on the streets of Mexican cities. In no other country, in no other city can be seen as in Mexico such close juxtaposition of splendor and squalor, of progress and semi-barbarism, of potential wealth and actual poverty, of the old and the new, the high and the low, of culture and abject ignorance. On the upper levels of a house may live a family in opulent circumstances, endowed with all the graces, material and spiritual, of aristocracy and refinement, while the ground floor is given up to petty shops, work-rooms, perhaps a cheap restaurant, or that most undesirable of neighbors, a *pulqueria*, where the lower classes resort to befuddle themselves with the whey-colored juice of the maguey. Rubbing her grimy elbows against the rich laces and silks of the proudest and most aristocratic of fashionable dames may be seen the brown Indian woman, frowny headed, with a basket of fruit or fish upon her head, and another in her arms, while a child is strapped to her by means of the tightly knotted blanket. She is barefoot, and her sole raiment, besides the *huipil* aforesaid, which is a bit of narrow blanket, perhaps a yard and a half long, with a slit in the center to go over the head, is a brief scant skirt, like a bag, of the same coarse, dark fabric. The *huipil* is the upper garment worn by the Aztec women at the time of the conquest, and it still obtains with the lower orders in the south of Mexico, being also used for a *robe de chambre* or a night dress, made of linen and ornate in finish, by the ladies of Yucatan.

The lottery ticket sellers in Mexico are a strong guild, for the business is a profitable one. The lotteries are conducted by the Government, and the ticket-vendors are paid a liberal percentage of their sales. Men, women and children recruit the ranks; they are found everywhere. They have no distinctive features, save the great budget of flimsy, translucent tickets which they try to force upon the passer-by, and their scissors for cutting off coupons. Several prominent journals of the United States have lately printed the remarkable statement that "all the newboys of Mexico are women, who never cry their papers, but silently hold them toward the passer." The chronicler of that error had in mind these sellers of lottery tickets, the large printed sheets of which do somewhat resemble newspapers. It is safe to "gamble on" the proposition that there is not a woman peddling newspapers in Mexico. The newboys are men and lads who cry their papers and a suggestion of their contents with true professional yells. They urge their wares pertinaciously, thrusting them through the windows of coaches and trams and invading the latter if they can elude the conductors' vigilance. The *ajualotes* or public leather-carriers are picturesque and characteristic sights. They wear a species of leather harness, breast-plate, back-plate and apron, and a flat cap usually of straw sewed with leather. On the back, suspended by a broad leather band crossing the forehead rests an earthen jar with three handles, odd in shape, called a *chuchucol*, and from another strap farther back on the head depends the *jarrro*, another earthenware vessel shaped like a pitcher. In these utensils is carried from the public fountains water for domestic use in such houses as have no piped water supply. It is noticeable that these men all have flattened heads, as may well be, when their craniums are subjected to almost constant pressure and the weight of some ten gallons of water.—City of Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

GOOD DISINFECTANTS.

How Many Live-Stock Diseases and Allments May Be Prevented.
Cheaper than cure, especially with live-stock, is prevention. While with many contagious diseases, it is, of course, often impossible to keep animals from being attacked, yet by using good care valuable aid may be given in keeping the stock intact. If kept in a good, thrifty condition, and with reference to good health, there is very much less danger of animals being attacked, and if attacked, they are in a much better condition to withstand the inroads of disease.

Fifth breeds disease, and is indirectly the principal cause of the larger proportion of diseases in our live-stock. And when stock are kept reasonably clean, and are provided with warm, clean, dry quarters, and are fed upon clean food, ordinarily such stock will be healthy. In order to do this to the best advantage, it will be necessary to thoroughly disinfect the poultry house, pig pens, cow and horse stables, and the sheep sheds. All need thorough cleaning, and when difficulty arises, disinfection. Especially should thorough work in this direction be given in the spring. In a great majority of instances the stock have been more or less confined, and as a natural consequence these places have become more or less foul, and in such a case it will almost certainly cause disease or breed parasites, in some respects fully as bad as disease. Where the pens are close enough to admit of thorough work, burning roll sulphur is a good disinfectant; add a little oil grease, so that it will burn well. Crude carbolic acid is another good, cheap material that can be used to good advantage. As it is a poison if taken internally, some care must be taken in using. The places should be thoroughly cleaned out and then the carbolic acid, diluted with water, be applied freely. A good brush will, for most purposes, be the best, as it will reach the cracks to the best advantage. Lime applied as a whitewash is very valuable to purify, and also to destroy germs and parasites. Carbolic acid can be added to the lime whitewash after it is made, and it will be all the more valuable. Any of these are cheap, and should be used liberally in the spring, after cleaning up. The work should be done reasonably early, before the warm days come on, and other farm work becomes too pressing.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—The colleges of this country contain eighteen thousand female students.

FASHIONS IN FURNITURE.

They Change with as Much Frequency as the Styles in Hats and Bonnets.
It is probable that if it were as easy to discard an old suit of furniture and procure a new one, as it is for those who have the means to order a new dress, our houses would never wear a homelike or familiar look, for no sooner would we become acquainted with the vagaries of the chairs, bureaus and other articles of furniture, and each angle and protuberance be so well known that they could be avoided in the dark, than we would have to accustom ourselves to a new arrangement and map out a new chart. As it is, a suit of furniture which five or six years ago held a leading position in fashionable circles, is to-day looked upon as out of date. It requires about five years for the accomplishment of a complete evolution in style. This, perhaps, is a very judicious arrangement, for the young couple that have their house newly furnished when they set out together may have their home refurnished in the latest style when the fifth anniversary, known as the wooden wedding, is celebrated. What will they do when the tenth anniversary arrives? By that time they should have money enough to furnish their house if they wish to do so, or sense enough to care nothing for the rules of fashion. Five years ago about the only wood used in the manufacture of furniture was black walnut. Occasionally a bedroom suit in ash or white wood was discovered, but such an object attracted as much attention as the wearer of an India helmet would in a walk down Broadway. To-day black walnut still holds a place in society, but it has been outtrunked by mahogany, oak and cherry. Bedroom suits made of dark cross-grained mahogany are the chief attraction in furniture salesrooms to-day, and articles of furniture made of this wood command a higher price than the same designs made up in other fashionable woods. There are many purchasers, however, who prefer the honest, sturdy-looking oak, or the bright and warm looking cherry.

Mahogany was the most fashionable of all woods about a half century ago, and no doubt there are stowed away in cellars or attics, or still doing service in the second or third generation, many a bedstead, bureau or parlor suit which is just sufficiently antique to meet the prevailing demand. Mahogany will take a high polish and will wear "forever," as the dealers say, as it is very tough. We know of one suit of furniture made of this wood which has successfully withstood the wear and tear of two generations of boys and has not as many scars to-day as the boys themselves. Oak furniture does not take as brilliant a polish as mahogany, black walnut or cherry, but it has a business-like look and is preferred by many because it has a more genuine antique appearance. This wood is but little used in the manufacture of bedroom suits, but for dinner chairs, desks, hat-trunks and chiffoniers it is preferred. There are marked shades in oak, and in the manufacture of desks especially a very pretty effect is produced by the judicious combination of these shades. Cherry is used for almost every purpose and is selected generally in the manufacture of Sleepy Hollow and other more or less comfortable working chairs and easy chairs.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

Children Can Be Made Obedient by Firm and Consistent Treatment.
The law for parents is addressed to "fathers," partly because a mother's tenderness needs the warning "provoke not your children" less than a father's more rigorous rule usually does, and partly because the father is regarded as the head of the household. It is full of practical sagacity. How do parents provoke their children? By unreasonable commands, by perpetual restrictions, by capricious jerks at the bridle, alternating with as capricious dropping the reins altogether, by not governing their own tempers, by shrill or stern tones where quiet, soft ones would do, by frequent checks and rebukes and sparing praise. And what is sure to follow such mistreatment by father or mother? First as the parallel passage in Ephesians has it, "wrath"—bursts of temper, for which probably the child is punished and the parent is guilty—and then spiritless listlessness and apathy. "I can not please him whatever I do," leads to a rankling sense of injustice, and then to recklessness—"it is useless to try any more." And when a child or a man loses heart, there will be no more obedience. Paul's theory of the training of children is closely connected with his central doctrine that love is the life of service, and faith the parent of righteousness. To him hope and gladness and confident love underlie all obedience. When a child loves and trusts he will obey. When he fears and has to think of his father as capricious, exacting or stern, he will do like the man in the parable, who was afraid because he thought of his master as auster reaping where he did not sow, and went and hid his talent. Children's obedience must be fed on love and praise.—N. Y. Herald.

Contagion of Anthrax.

Animals dying of anthrax—splenic fever—are liable to communicate the disease to men who handle their carcasses, even though it be for immediate burial. The privy council of Great Britain have, therefore, sent notice to local authorities throughout the kingdom, and caused it to be widely published, that this danger exists, and that such carcasses should not be skinned, but covered with quicklime and buried at least six feet deep. Persons who have any abrasions of the skin upon their hands or arms should not touch them or any part of them. The blood, stable litter, fodder, manure, etc., should be carefully removed and burned, and the stalls, of course, thoroughly disinfected.—American Dairyman.

—The consumption of gold in the U. S. of the United States is estimated at about \$3,500,000 per annum, and in the world at \$20,000,000.—Brooklyn Eagle.

GRAND SCENERY.

Graphic Description of the Great Stone Face of the "Man of the Mountains."
The vicinity of Franconia Notch, in New Hampshire, abounds in scenery which is wild and rugged, but picturesque beyond description. Such a union of granite hills and grassy dells, of rock and lake, and river, such a mingling of the beautiful and grand, is to be found nowhere else in America. The bold outlines of Mt. Lafayette are near at hand, with mountain-top looming over mountain-top in the distance. Here are Cannon Mountain and Eagle Cliff, one on the right hand and the other on the left, forming the walls of the Notch, while nestled in the valley at their feet lies Echo Lake, twin sister of the mountains.

Further to the south is the Flume, a mammoth fissure in the rocks, 700 feet in length, and with perpendicular walls 60 or 70 feet in height; and a little distance away are the Pool and Basin, with other curiosities.

But the crowning feature of the scene is the wonderful Profile, the "great stone face" of the "Old Man of the Mountains," which keeps guard over the Notch, and casts its shadows in the limpid waters of Profile Lake. This is the closest resemblance to the human face which has ever been found in natural scenery anywhere in the world. It is carved in solid rock upon the southern face of Cannon Mountain, and measures 80 feet from forehead to chin, while the top of the mountain is 1,500 feet above the lake at its foot, and nearly 4,000 feet above sea level. The outlines of the face are composed of three great masses of rock, one of which forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and a third the chin.

To obtain this outline in its perfection, one point of view is necessary—a small cleared space, close by the mountain road, and on the eastern edge of Profile Lake. Looking across the lake from this point, the bold outlines of Cannon Mountain loom up but half a mile away, and far up its sides, looking down upon the valley, is the face of the Old Man of the Mountains, stern, bold, relentless, unchanging.

He neither blinks at the near flashes of lightning beneath his nose, nor flinches from the driving snow and sleet of the Franconia winter, which makes the mercury of the thermometer shrink into the bulb and congeal.

Passing down the road, the Old Man's face changes first into that of "a toothless old woman in a mob cap," and soon the entire outline is broken up and the resemblance is lost. Going up the road, the nose and face flatten out until only the forehead is seen.

The profile is said to have been discovered in 1805 by two workmen on the mountain road. It had, however, been known for ages to the Indians, who attributed to it supernatural attributes. They even feared to fish in the lake at its feet, or to sail their bark canoes over its waters, from fear of the stern face which it reflected. Many legends and tales have been related concerning the wonderful face. In one of these it is represented as the face of Christ the Judge—"Christus Fideles."

BUREAU OF MENDING.

What a New Yorker Has Done Toward Lessening the Woes of Bachelors.
"Bureau of mending" is the sign on the door of a big rear-room in one of the business blocks in Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue. A reporter found inside the room several women running sewing-machines and others stitching with all their might at articles of clothing that lay in their laps. Bundles wrapped in newspapers with ord rs pinned to them were piled on a long table.

"We think we are filling a long-felt want," said the manager, a busy-looking man. "Persons living in boarding-houses and hotels have long experienced the inconvenience of either having to do their own mending, for which they have neither facilities nor the necessary practical knowledge, or to be obliged to throw away articles of clothing before they are really worn out. The Bureau of Mending has been organized to do the mending of such persons at prices reasonable enough to make it worth their while to have it done."

"By the employment of a large corps of skilled operators we are prepared to do all kinds of repairs expeditiously and thoroughly. Our messengers will be sent for articles to be repaired anywhere within the city limits on notification by postal card."

"Socks darned for 5 cents per pair," said the manager, taking up his price list: "shirts rebuttoned for 35 cents apiece; new collar bands, 10 cents apiece; new wristbands, 5 cents each; gloves mended at 5 cents per pair; napkins, 5 cents each; sheets or pillow cases hemmed, 10 cents each. All kinds of repairs done for ladies at exceptionally low prices."

"I believe," said the manager, "that this business is original with me. I have letters from bachelors calling me their benefactor."—N. Y. Sun.

—In blissful ignorance that the peacock was esteemed a famous dinner dainty by epicures before Paris itself was famous, a correspondent in Paris writes thus: "The most novel feature of the entertainment was the appearance of a roasted peacock, decked in all its feathers, a beautiful and decorative object to look at as well as a very delicious bird to eat. The introduction of the peacock as the course of game at grand dinner parties is the newest feature of the season, and one can only wonder why a fowl of such delicate flesh, as well as of such superb plumage, should have been so long neglected by gourmards."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

—Under the laws of Pennsylvania any person convicted of selling deadly weapons or explosives to persons under sixteen years of age is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$500.—Cleveland Leader.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Beware of swindlers travelling through the country seeking farmers' signatures.—Christian at Work.

—Beets have been raised for \$3.50 a ton. Mechanical methods in their cultivation should reduce the cost still lower.—St. Louis Republican.

—The Essex County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society, although one of the oldest in the State, has never had a horse trot for money on its grounds.

—Fat is the best lung food, and, among all fat-containing substances, fresh sweet cream is about the best, and fat salt pork the worst.—Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

—In cooking vegetables, they should for best flavor go directly from the washing-off water to the stew pan. This may seem unimportant; there is more in it than might be thought.

—In selecting beef take that which is a clear red, and the fat straw color. Tastes differ as to the choicest cuts, though the sixth, seventh and eighth ribs are usually preferred for roasts. For steak the sirloin is the best, porter house the most economical and nearly as good as sirloin.

—A Cure for Earache: Roast an onion in the ashes; when done put in a cloth and squeeze the juice into a spoon. Pour into the ear while quite warm, but not hot enough to burn—a very little more than blood warm; put a hot cloth over the ear; and, if it is an ache from cold or any common cause, it will cease in a few moments.—Mother's Magazine.

—An English food inspector, Mr. James Bell, finds that horseflesh and beef can not be positively distinguished by external appearance, but that the fat is a reliable test. The horse-fat is fluid at a temperature of 70 degrees, and has a specific gravity at 100 degrees of about 0.987; while the fat of beef melts at about 90.87 degrees, and is considerably lighter. The low melting point of the fat will show when sausages are made from horse-meat.—Chicago Tribune.

—With a rapidly increasing population there will be danger of excessive dearth of meat, such as p evils in the densely populated countries of Europe, and from this we can only be saved by such improvement in breeds of stock as will produce beef at less cost. On cheap lands the short-horns, aiming at beef production almost exclusively, have been best adapted to this end. But in the older sections of the country, where labor and skill combine to offset the increased price of land, the Holsteins, bred for milk and butter as well as beef, will certainly have the preference.—Boston Transcript.

DOMESTIC TOPICS.

Facts of All Sorts Which Every Woman Wants to Know.

Baking-soda put on a burn will relieve the pain.

A novel napkin ring is of antique brass in repousse finish.

Covert coats in tan and other light colors meet with increasing favor.

There is no economy in purchasing cheap black goods, particularly cheap crapes.

Metal cord and gold bullion gimps are shown for trimming wool dresses and coats.

If skim milk is plentiful use it for cleaning painted floors and oil-cloth, in preference to soap.

Wash tins in hot soap, then dip a wet rag in fine, sifted coal ashes, scour well, and polish with dry ashes.

Spring mantles are exceedingly short and scarf-like head trimmings are more fashionable and more beautiful than ever.

A new use of pretty low-priced silk handkerchiefs is to join them together with insertion into table covers, pillow shams or spreads.

White gloves are coming into favor for evening wear. In spite of the announcement of elbow lengths, they are still worn up to the shoulder.

Scotch gingham in stripes, checks or plaids; striped satens, India linen in two colors, percales, Chambray and prints are provided for wash dresses for the girls.

For little boys or girls an attractive suit consists of a white India linen suit or blouse, with a colored kit of gingham or lawn and sailor collar and cuffs of the same.

The mahogany-colored English glove, with very broad black stitching on the back and four large buttons, is very popular, and both stitching and buttons have increased in size.

Dainty little fairy lamps now come in form of copper, silver or glass globes with perforations studded with cut stained glass, through which the light shines out in brilliant hues.

Chintz, well selected, makes an effective wall-covering. It may be stretched on frames like tapestry, but the easiest way is to tack it on the walls with ornamental nails and gimp.

Crosses, crowns, pillars and the like are becoming bad styles at funerals. The hand of affection is presumed to gather and place the few perfect flowers that lie on the coffin's lid.

Beads of every color, pale pink, amber, blue and white, as well as jets, garnets, steel, silver and gold-lined beads that do not tarnish, are made into passementeries for dress trimming.

It is predicted that straw bonnets of the coming season will be in shades to match new spring goods, comprising old rose, old blue, new greens, dull reds and mahogany colors, and will be trimmed with a combination of upright bows of looped-edged ribbons and small, stiff wings or fine flowers.

A physician advises women who want good complexions to wear thick, home-knit woolen stockings and heavy calf-kn boots, with double uppers and triple soles, from October to May, and to avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, to be worn through snowdrifts or a flood of water.

Hot water is a more efficient cleanser of the skin than either cold or warm water, because it better dissolves greasy and other secretive and excretive matters, says Dr. Anna Kingsford. But the use of hot or warm baths too frequently is injurious to the general health and to the skin, causing nervousness and loss of tonicity.—N. Y. World.